

The MEDICAL MISSIONARY



An Afghan Lady

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.



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Desert Journey

By

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

On her return to America after ten years of medical mission work in India, Sister Laetitia took an overland route through Asia and Europe instead of the usual boat route through the Suez Canal and Mediterranean Sea. She here gives us some of her adventures on the first part of the trip.—Editor.

What! No Stamps!!

The Turkish Embassy in India contained a row of polite red-fezzed Mohammedans, all anxious to help me in my search for a Turkish visa, but——!

"Salaam, Sister ji!"

"Salaam! I would like a Turkish visa."

"A what?"

"A Turkish visa."

(Earnest discussion between red fezzes.)

"Sorry, Sister *Sahib*, but we cannot give you a visa; we have run out of Turkish stamps."

"But I must have a visa."

"Sister *Sahib*, we would be glad to give you a visa, but without stamps——!"

"How can I get into Turkey without a visa?"

"Perhaps you can get one in Baghdad—they will have stamps there."

"And if they haven't——?"

"Allah ki merzi!"
(It will be the will of Allah.)

Try to Buy a Ticket!

The next requirement was a ticket for the trip up the Persian Gulf. This was not achieved without difficulty.

"When were you last vaccinated?"

"Two weeks ago."

"Have you a certificate?"

"No, but I have the marks on my arm."

"Insufficient—must have a certificate."

"I did it myself, so I could write the certificate."

This was too complicated for one Indian head to figure out. The combined office force went into a huddle and weighed the lawfulness or unlawfulness of signing one's own certificate. The decision was that I could not sign it but would have to be revaccinated.

"Have you had cholera inoculations?"

"No."

"Must be inoculated against cholera."

"Very well. Let me settle that boat ticket and then I will go and get all the necessary injections."

"Achcha! (very good)."

"What time does the boat leave?"

"Twelve noon."

"Punctually?"

"*Han ji* (yes, madame). And please do me the favor of drinking this cold lemonade before you go."

Sind Sand!

I had already been traveling two nights and a day during the hottest time of the year in India, the last night through the Sind Desert, a place which no fastidious person would include in his itinerary. At dawn, when I went into the little washroom to divest myself of the greater part of the desert that I had collected during the night, I was startled to behold an Indian peering at me. On closer inspection it turned out to be my own reflection in the dust-coated mirror, practically unrecognizable under layers and layers of Sind sand. Not only was I heavily coated exteriorly but my whole interior seemed

to be smothered in sand almost down to my shoe tips. No wonder that a glass of lukewarm lemonade (in spite of the hair floating in it) tasted delicious.

After further excursions around Karachi

in search of all I needed to make myself an acceptable passenger for the Persian Gulf, I managed to arrive at the pier about one minute to twelve. A dozen coolies made a dash for my two or three small pieces of baggage and fought over them while I vainly tried to restore law and order.

"Stop! I want only two coolies—the rest of you leave off pulling my things to pieces and hurry—the boat is about to leave!"

They ceased grabbing at the baggage and assured me that the boat would sail one hour late.

Of course! I should have known better. Rarely does anything happen on time in India. In fact, it was nearer a day late when it eventually pulled out—into a very rough sea!

The trip across the Arabian Sea and up the Persian Gulf lasted six or seven long, hot, sticky days.

A City of Dates!

There was a very interesting stretch along





the Persian Gulf. The people appeared to be terribly poor; it is said they live almost entirely on dates in the date season and grapes in the grape season. Several boarded our boat and sold as much as six or eight pounds of grapes for 4 cents. We were not permitted to set foot on Persian soil—the Persians are very particular!

We landed at Basrah, or rather fourteen miles from the town, and motored in. I spent an interesting morning at the hospital which, in keeping with so many of those in the Far East, consisted of several beautiful buildings. The doctors were plentiful but the nursing staff was practically nonexistent. As a souvenir of my visit an Armenian nurse presented me with a lidless jar of sticky jam and solemnly warned me to give Turkey a wide berth as the Turks had massacred most of her family and relatives at odd times.

In the afternoon the Dominican Sisters of the Presentation, who are stationed in Basrah, borrowed the French Consul's car and took me to see the sights of the city: Arabs, donkeys, date trees! We visited several churches of the Oriental rites: Syriac, Chaldean, Armenian and Greek.



All Aboard for Baghdad!

In the evening I left Basrah for Baghdad. The train was crowded with Arabs—men,

women and children, none too clean but all very friendly. It was a long, hot, sandy journey. There were little villages scattered in the desert along the route, plus a multitude of camels, goats, donkeys and dogs. Many nomad camel caravans were to be seen plodding silently through the desert. Sometimes the lady of the house would be mounted on the back of the camel with her children and all the family possessions; occasionally young kids or a baby camel would be riding on its mother's back, but more often the camels were so loaded down with merchandise that there was not room for another straw.

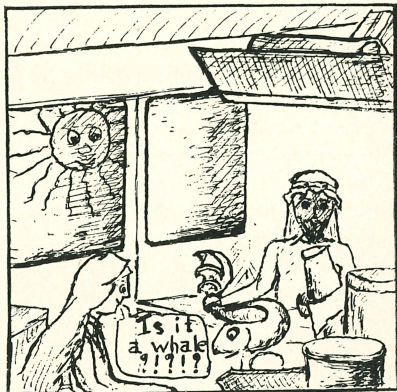
The Cup That Failed to Cheer

The Arabs in the train seemed to be eating all the time, and I was included in the feast. It began at 5.30 a. m. At one stop a dirty Arab tea vendor came along with about a dozen smudgy little glasses and a vessel of bitter black tea. The glasses held three or four ounces, to which were added four to six lumps of sugar. When this portable tea-room hove in sight there was a mad rush from the train and several hundred Arabs, in turn, hastily gulped down a glass of tea. No time was spent in such superfluous proceedings as washing the glasses. It was a case of: "They must have been all right because everybody used them."

After all had finished their tea, the train obligingly waiting, one Arab grabbed a glass of tea in his not-so-clean hand, and with the other hastily took six lumps of sugar. Then, with a big smile on his grimy face, dashed over to where I was sitting and dropping the sugar into the tea stirred it vigorously with his forefinger and politely handed it to me. In spite of the fact that this might mean a sudden entrance into eternity, I drank it. The Arab gallantly paid the infinitesimal sum that it cost.

Plenty of Loaves and Fishes!

A little later melons were produced and cracked open on the backs of seats and window ledges, as no one owned a knife. One Arab woman dug her hand into a nice ripe one and gave me the first handful. It was the nicest I ever tasted, cool and juicy, in spite of the fact that it bore silent witness that her hand had parted with at least one layer of dirt. Then I was presented with a small mountain of roasted watermelon seeds, and of all tiresome little jobs, opening watermelon seeds ranks first. Next, large baked fishes, about the size of baby whales, were produced from none-too-clean bundles and enormous slabs of flat bread about the size of little pillows—but I felt that I had done my duty to Arabia and politely but firmly refused the many pressing invitations to partake of various and sundry loaves and fishes.



We passed by Babylon on the way and I was almost torn from the train, figuratively by desire and literally by a dozen or more shouting, gesticulating Arabs, who seemed most anxious for the pleasure of my company through the excavations—for *bakhshish* (tips), of course!

The City of Flying Carpets!

Baghdad—city of dreams, fairy tales, caliphs, sultans, flying carpets, mosques and minarets! ROMANCE in capital letters! Alas! just a parched little town set down in the midst of the burning desert that used to be Mesopotamia but is now known as Iraq. The population consists largely of Arabs, Jews and Christians; the Arabs, of course, being Mohammedans.

Religions and sects flourish in Baghdad. Even among the Catholics there are the Chaldeans, who possess a Patriarch; the Syrians, an Archbishop; the Greeks, a Pastor; and the Armenians, an Archbishop. The Latin rite is represented by the Carmelite Fathers, the American Jesuits and the Dominican Sisters of the Presentation from Tours.

It must be difficult to keep dates straight in Baghdad, for Friday is the Mohammedan "Sunday," Saturday the Jewish "Sunday," and Sunday is "Sunday" for the Christians only. It would simplify matters just to call the last three days of the week a holiday and let it go at that, though there is a tendency to regard the greater part of all seven days as a period of rest.

Page Al Haroun

Baghdad is a city of contrasts. Ar Rashid Street (its name stepped right out of Arabian Nights) is a good, long, fairly wide street, which has a policeman in a pretentious uniform directing horse-drawn carriages, phaetons that are a relic of the Victorian era. American cars dash up and down the city; gilded stores stand next door to mud huts while Arabs in beautiful European suits rub elbows with their poorer barefoot brethren clad in long trailing robes and flowing head-dresses.

The side streets of Baghdad are narrow, winding little lanes. Most of the houses have very unsafe-looking, overhanging verandas—for the women to see who is doing what down the alley?

The Missing Patient

One morning I visited the hospital, the only training school for nurses in Iraq. It has seven hundred beds and is run chiefly by the French Dominican Sisters, whose task is not an easy one, as the Arabian student nurses are a little difficult to manage. The patients consisted of Arabians, Kurds, Turks, Syrians, Armenians, Jews and several other nationalities—rich, poor and middle-class. A poor Arab, who had never slept in a bed before, would occasionally be found missing. After a search he would be located under the bed instead of in it.

The Iraqis are making great efforts to become self-sufficient, and one of them said: "Better to do a thing badly yourself than have it done well by outsiders," which may work in the building of a house but is a questionable maxim when it comes to removing someone's appendix.

Except for the training school, there is absolutely no work for women in the whole of Iraq as men have a monopoly of the occupations usually relegated to women in the West.



Miniature Bedouins!

Sixty pitiful little babies, all colors, all sizes and dressed in all styles was the sight that met my eyes at the child-welfare clinic in Baghdad. An English nurse had charge of the clinic. Her assistant could speak seven languages that were necessary in order to converse with the women: Arabic, Persian, Syriac, Armenian, Turkish, Kurdish and Assyrian.

Some of the babies were darlings—miniature Bedouins in their Arab head-dresses and flowing robes. Malnutrition, gastric disturbances, diarrhea, dysentery, and congenital syphilis were all prevalent. Many of the women, little more than children themselves, looked underfed and had pleading, pathetic expressions in their beautiful dark eyes.

A few Sisters working among the people in their homes could do very much for these poor neglected mothers and babies, for both infant and maternal mortality rates are very high.

On the Banks of the Tigris

If it were not for the Tigris and the Euphrates, Iraq would not be. The best description of this little country is a desert containing two rivers. Where the rivers are, there the date trees grow; away from the rivers not a single tree was to be seen—just sand, sand, sand! Baghdad is fortunate in having the Tigris wander through it. No doubt its first beginning was a cluster of small huts on the banks.

Baghdad boasts only two outgoing trains a week so if one misses a train it automatically causes a prolonged sojourn in the city. For some unknown reason the railway line runs some miles out into the desert and then comes to a sudden end. Fortunately, the company takes pity on the passengers and provides some automobiles in which to continue the journey.

As I arrived at the station a little early I inquired if there was a waiting room. There was. An Arab porter ran to the station-master who came and unlocked the door and showed me into—a drawing room! The carpet was a salmon-pink axminster with large yellow flowers sprinkled over it. The chairs were the latest design in chromium plate with blue velvet hammock-like seats. There were two or three dainty little tables, each with a runner across the top on which was placed an ornamental vase. The curtains matched the general color scheme. There was a very decorative fireplace over which hung a mirror, and on the mantelpiece were several ornaments. This astonishing place looked cleaned and well cared for.

"What a surprising waiting room," I said to the station-master. "How do you manage to keep it in such good condition?"

"Well," he replied, "It is used only when an English lady comes along and that is very infrequently."

Where Sheep Leads Sheep

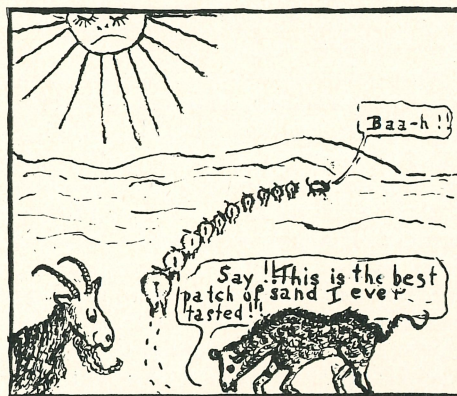
Of all the hot, dusty journeys, next to the Sind Desert, the drive from Baghdad to Syria was the worst! We passed through several sizzling, winding, blinding, white villages, half buried in sand, whose inhabitants seemed to be wrapped in slumber most of the time.

One of the most amazing sights of the burning desert that is Iraq is the amount of clothes worn by the Arabs. The men wear a long, nightdress-like garment reaching almost to the ground; over this they drape a long voluminous piece of raiment that is neither coat nor cloak, and to be sure that none of the heat escapes it is held in at the waist by a girdle. Often the color is black, brown, or some other dark hue. The

whole costume seems to be entirely unadapted to desert heat.

All the world knows the Arabic head-dress: a fairly long veil held in place by a double row of knotted cord or rope around the forehead. It makes them look still hotter on a hot day!

They all seemed very poor! Some were astride tiny little donkeys, their feet almost touching the ground. What they and their animals live on is a matter for conjecture. Many were peaceful shepherds LEADING their flocks of sheep and goats, or herds of camels and donkeys. It is very strange to see the flocks being led by the shepherd; they follow him in single file wherever he goes and if he happens to take time off to see a base-ball game (?) a sheep or a goat, more often a black one, will constitute himself temporary leader and the others will follow him in correct formation, grazing (sand it seems) as they go. If one or two should lag behind a peremptory "BAA" from the leader will bring them running to their places.



Rag Houses!

There are no crows and buzzards to take care of scavenging operations as there are in India; hence the two or three dead animals, a camel and some goats, that we met along the way, apparently stayed there until nature and the elements disposed of them.

The desert houses are composed of bits of rag and little sticks. They are roofless but a partition is made in the center, probably that the women may retire to the other side when callers come. Near the border of Iraq, and in Syria, there were whole colonies of houses that resembled large beehives. They had one small door but no windows; very little sun and air could penetrate the interior. They spelled tuberculosis!

Next Stop, Nineveh!

After a hot, dusty, bumpy ride, partly along a flat expanse of desert and partly up little mounds and down them again, the mosques of Mosul at last appeared in the distance where

(Continued on page 126)

Keeping Cool In The Orient

By

SISTER M. LEONIE, S.C.M.M.

Ever since our first parents ate of the forbidden apple mankind has been confronted with the clothing problem.

Clothes are worn for reasons of decency, protection and ornament. Even the most primitive races wear some covering, although as Father Paul Schebesta, S.V.D., points out in speaking of the dwarf races of the Malayan jungle, they would have been discarded were it not for an innate sense of shame.

The amount of clothes worn varies with the degree of civilization attained and the protection needed. Temperature and humidity, the amount of rainfall, dust storms, the presence of biting insects and other noxious influences are definite factors in determining the amount of covering.

Ornamental clothing may be simple and graceful as the sarong and kabaja of the Dutch East Indian native or elaborate and cumbersome as the feast day attire of the Kashmiri girl.

Clothing, however, is primarily worn for the purpose of protection. This is easily understood in cold and damp climates, but in hot tropical zones one might be inclined to consider the Adam's costume of the aborigines more desirable. To a certain extent this is true. Sundstroem, in 1929, bewailed the loss of reserve cooling power by the use of unnecessary clothing. But in the Orient the protection given by sufficient clothing is just as necessary as in colder climes. Some of the elements that keep the heat about us serve also to keep the heat away from us. The best protection on a trip through the Sahara is a woolen sweater!

The first essential to be considered in the choice of clothing materials is the maintenance of bodily heat. In cold climates clothes guard against excessive heat loss; in tropical temperatures they protect against excessive heat absorption. Heat is lost by conduction, radiation and the evaporation of moisture. Garments, therefore, that have a minimum capacity of heat absorption and a maximum of radiation and of circulation of air in order to permit of easy evaporation of moisture are most suitable for tropical wear.

It is a well-known fact that dark colors absorb more heat than light ones and that white absorbs least of all. Gibbs experimented with rabbits in Manila, by exposing a white, a gray and a black rabbit to the sun for an equal length of time. The black rabbit died in thirty-eight minutes, the gray one lived for one hour and thirty-two minutes while the white one became very sick but recovered, thus showing that light

colors are a better protection against the sun.

Graham exposed fabrics of various colors and weaves, with thermometers inserted, to the mid-day sun on bright still days. Among others, he read the following temperatures:

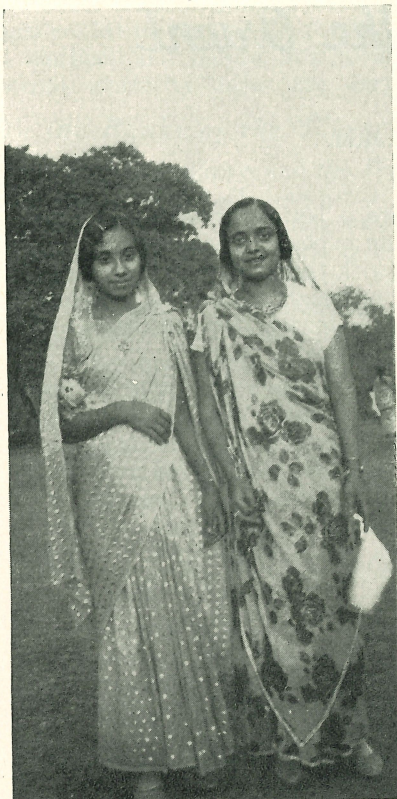
Black, thin lining.....	85° F.
Black, wool serge.....	83° F.
Blue, dark cotton.....	79.2° F.
Khaki, thin	72.3° F.
Blue, pale, old cotton.....	72.2° F.
White duck, linen.....	61.9° F.
White drill, new.....	57.6° F.

We notice that pale blue, as is worn by many coolies and laborers in the Orient, ranks next to white in so far as coolness is concerned.

Since this is the case one naturally wonders why nature endowed peoples of the northern climes with white skins and those living under a burning tropical sun with dark ones. The much-discussed actinic rays of the sun are very harmful to the unprotected skin, causing a severe burn when one is exposed excessively. These rays are filtered out by a pigment which is deposited in the deeper layers of the skin. It is thus to protect the individual from these noxious chemical rays that we have this dermal pigment, much more necessary in sunnier countries than here in the temperate zone, for instance, where the sun is usually clouded over a bit. In the region of the Arctic with its eternal snows, its clear sunny days and brilliant glare, there are also many actinic rays and the dwellers in these regions are, therefore, also heavily pigmented. For the white man in the tropics, however, it is not advisable to rely on nature's protection; one layer of cloth is a more efficient barrier than the pigment he has at his command.

Besides severe sunburn, chills, nausea, vomiting and exhaustion, undue exposure to the tropical sun may cause a sunstroke. A traveler in Africa described how, from one of the windows of her hotel, she saw a man without sufficient protection stricken by sunstroke while attempting to cross the square.

The evaporation of skin moisture is another essential in keeping cool in the tropics. In warm climates as much as one and a half quarts of water a day may be lost through the skin. Clothes should be of a material that permits a gradual efficient cooling yet prevents a sudden drop in temperature by a too rapid evaporation. Materials take up water by absorbing it into the fibers or by its interposition between them. In the former the fibers swell and tend to occlude



The Indian Sari is a good example of graceful and cool clothing.

the mesh of the cloth; in the latter, the water can be easily removed by mechanical means. As a rule those that absorb the water are more comfortable to wear.

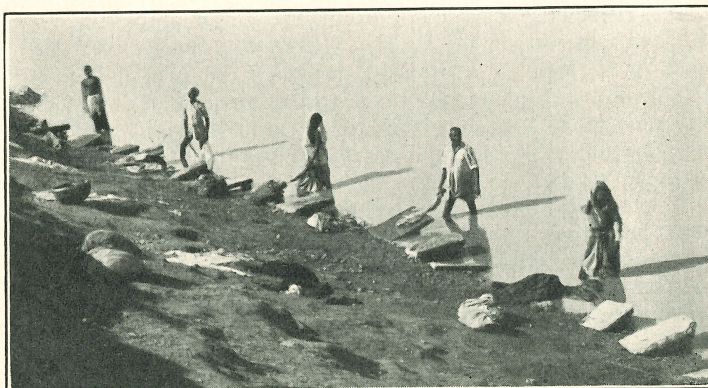
Heat conduction must also be considered. It has been found that materials which, when wet, permit a layer of air to be interposed between the fabric and the body, give more comfort than those which lose the resiliency and elasticity of their fibers when saturated with moisture and consequently cling to the body. Wool is about the only fabric that permits the free passage of air between the fibers when it is moist; especially when loosely woven it is very comfortable to wear. However, it takes up dirt easily and offers difficulty in cleaning. Moreover, it tends to irritate the skin and predisposes to prickly heat, a most annoying itchy breaking out of the skin. Therefore, except for children and debilitated persons in the colder months and for overshirts and socks for strenuous outdoor exercise, wool is not desirable. Cotton, linen or silk, which can be more easily washed, are fairly comfortable and will suffice. Linen absorbs more water and because of the smoothness of its fibers does not soil as easily; it is, therefore, quite

satisfactory. Light weight, light colored materials that absorb moisture easily and still do not cling to the body are the ones ideally suited for warm climates. A practical point is to use good strong cloth. The laundry in many places in the East is the river where the *dhobi* or washerman washes the clothes by beating them on a large flat stone; naturally this shortens the life of linens considerably.

Garments should be cut so that there is no unnecessary constriction around any part of the body; especially around the neck and arms they should be loose fitting. The Indian sari is a good example of graceful and cool clothing.

As for the head covering, the native's straw hat, with small crown and broad brim casting a shadow on neck and shoulders, is a splendid protection against the sun's penetrating rays. The pith helmet or "topi" is a favorite among Westerners. Pith has a low conductivity to heat and when the helmet is so constructed as to provide for free circulation in the crown, it affords good protection. Experiments determined that the temperature within a helmet after exposure to the sun for one half hour or longer on a day when there was a strong breeze and a shade temperature of 86°-88° F., was 97°-98° F., while within a red fez and a felt hat it was 112° and 105° F., respectively. Corson, after wearing a light panama hat for a year, decided that it dispensed with the feeling of heaviness of the "Wolseley helmet" and preferred it. In Espiritu Santo, a German settlement in Brazil, the workers in the field wear broad-brimmed hats and the women, kerchiefs; in this region heat stroke and heat exhaustion are extremely rare.

The clothing problem is a very real one for the Westerner who would live comfortably in the East and be able to accomplish the greatest possible amount of work. Attention to the simple points enumerated will certainly prove helpful in "Keeping Cool in the Orient."



The dhobi washes the clothes by beating them on a large flat stone.

High Spots on a Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

The Gibraltar of the East

Singapore is only eighty-seven miles above the equator, from which one would infer that it is excessively hot. We were agreeably surprised to find it quite tolerable and were told that the climate is rather equable and the nights fairly cool. The daily tropical shower is welcomed by all.

England owes the possession of this key-point to the Far East to the vision and efforts of one of her great sons, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, who, a hundred years ago, secured to the British flag the maritime supremacy of the eastern seas by taking possession of the swampy jungle island and laying the foundation of a flourishing city. Today the visitor finds fine municipal buildings, hotels, clubs, churches, temples and mosques, industrial plants, large export houses and shops of every description, where goods from all over the world are offered for sale. It is a free port; only liquors, opium and tobacco are taxed. The currency is the Straits dollar, which equals fifty-eight American cents.

The harbor was swarming with craft from many neighboring lands, busily conveying live pigs, sugar and rice, pineapples, tapioca, kerosene and teak. Although it is a cosmopolitan city the Chinese are very much in evidence. The traffic is directed peacefully and efficiently by the bearded Sikhs from India who carry a long board on their backs which they use instead of their arms to indicate the direction of traffic. The roads are as good as American roads, as we had occasion to find out as we drove to Johore, a native Sultanate, a few miles drive across a bridge to the tip of the Malay peninsula. There the Sultan has a fine palace in a picturesque setting of western style landscaping; just above it is a large mosque which reminds one of a Byzantine church in southeastern Europe.

On our return, my friend and I called on His Excellency, Bishop Devals, who told us that in the whole Malay peninsula, including Penang and Singapore, there was not a single Catholic hospital. He said that the government made excellent provision for the sick and that the priests had no difficulty in visiting patients and administering the Sacraments in government hospitals. We went to see the General Hospital, which is enormous. It is supposed to accommodate eight hundred patients, but from the building one would judge that it has a much larger capacity; because of the climate much more space is required in the Orient in order to have

conditions ideal. All the patients pay; the poor, at least fifty cents; the second class, three Straits dollars a day; and the first class, from twelve to eighteen. There are two operating rooms, an excellent laboratory and X-ray plant. The hospital is staffed by native doctors, many of whom studied abroad. The pediatrician, a very refined Indian gentleman, took us to the children's ward and showed us cases of hydrocephalus, hare-lip, osteomyelitis of the jaw, which is not uncommon in Chinese children, tuberculosis of the spine, club feet and several marasmic infants. The doctor told us that the most common diseases of his little charges and those which frequently proved fatal were enteritis, broncho-pneumonia and malaria.

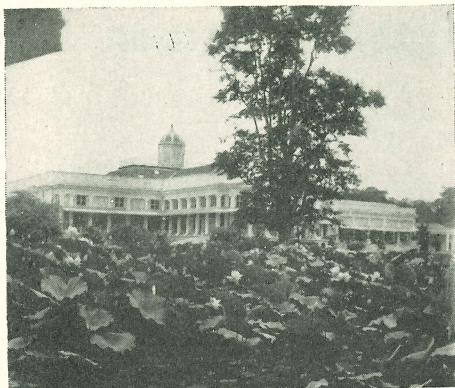
The staff nurses are all English and belong to the Over-seas service; every three years they get at least six months' leave. In order to check their "wanderlust" their years of service, for purposes of pension, are counted, provided they return to the same place. If they ask to be changed they have to begin all over again. Singapore, we discovered, has also a free maternity, a small Protestant and a large mental hospital. One of the doctors mentioned that a T. B. Sanitarium is much needed as the "White Plague" is widespread.

During a very pleasant interlude we visited a large girls' school conducted by the Dames of Saint Maur, a French community. They wear a picturesque black habit and silk bonnet reminiscent of the times of Louis XIV. After lunch we went through the school rooms. In the nursery the kindergarteners were enjoying their noonday nap on the benches, and from their contented appearance one judged that they were as comfortable as on a bed of eiderdown.

Singapore appeals mostly to the poor Chinamen, crowded out of home and country, the rubber and tin magnates and military and naval strategians. Just recently a large dry-dock and air-base were completed. The average tourist is glad to have seen Singapore but there is no special attraction to make him linger. We left it behind on the evening of March 15th, in the glowing light of a brilliant sunset, passing canoes, catamarans, schooners and a variety of other floating craft, each having a different name.

Java

Between Singapore and Java the sea was as smooth as oil. It was hot but as our tasks were



"His Excellency, the Governor General, lives in a terrestrial paradise."

few and far between we could cling to our deck chairs without using any energy. It was different with the officers, stewards and stokers who had to be on the job, heat or no heat.

On Saint Joseph's Day we landed at Tandjong Priok, which is seven miles from the business and residential section of Batavia, the capital of Java. On the way to the hill station of Buitenzorg we drove around to see the famous ninety-acre botanical gardens which surround the Governor's residence. His Excellency, the Governor General, lives in a terrestrial paradise. An avenue of graceful kanari trees leads to the palace; on the grounds there is a lotus lake which, at the time of our visit, was literally covered with immaculate lotus lilies. When one sees these fine specimens one does not wonder that the Buddhists have chosen the lotus as their emblem. The Governor's burden ought to be lightened by the beauty of nature about him. His task is unquestionably a difficult one. He is appointed for five years and is directly responsible to the Dutch crown. Besides being Commander in Chief of the Nederland Indian Army and the Royal Dutch Navy in Nederland Indian waters, he can declare war on and make treaties with native rulers. Comparing the Dutch East Indies with the British foreign possessions, it is interesting to note that the Dutch East Indies are something of a happy medium between a colony and a dominion.

In the afternoon we returned to Batavia and there I visited the Ursuline school where one of our Sisters spent her girlhood days and was still remembered by her old teachers. I was struck by the size and magnificence of the building. There are six hundred students, mostly European and well-to-do Javanese.

In the cool of the evening I took a rickshaw to the St. Carolus Hospital, conducted by the Dutch Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo. It is a fine airy building which can accommodate eighty patients. After an interesting chat with the Sisters we drove to Tandjong Priok along the canal which reflected the golden and crimson colors of the sky and the stately palms. At the

pier, a regular bazaar had sprung up since our departure in the morning. There was a great display of Javanese marionette dolls *khريس* (short swords), flutes, intricately woven baskets, Japanese umbrellas, combs made of buffalo horn, bags and belts of snakeskin and, of course, batik, which is the pride of the Javanese, and rightly so. All over the Malay Archipelago batik sarongs are worn by the natives. They consist of a tight skirt with a broad pleat in front and are held in position by a silk scarf wound several times around the waist. The upper part of the body is covered with a loose fitting jacket called *baju*. The headgear of the men is very neat and unique. It is a tight fitting cap also covered with batik. The design on the women's sarongs are usually flowers in very pretty shades; the patterns are made by pouring hot wax on the cloth and then dying the unwaxed parts.

The following day we meandered through Batavia, an extensive city of almost half a million inhabitants. The new section of Weltevreden has modern buildings but life in old Batavia is more picturesque. We stopped at the bazaar where many native products were for sale. What captivated me most were sea shells of various forms and delicate marking. Close by was an aquarium where the brightly striped and dotted inhabitants of the tropical seas were exposed to our gaze.

Coming out of the aquarium we stopped to watch the tiny spitting fish, who was an expert at shooting his prey of small insects by squirting water at them. The little villain never missed a shot.

Later in the morning I called on His Excellency, Bishop Peter J. Willekeus, a Dutch Jesuit. His Excellency told me that the government had a splendid medical organization. Even the people in the interior are well cared for; the more serious and complicated cases being brought to Batavia to the In-Land Hospital. As the population of Java is almost exclusively Mo-



"The designs on the women's sarongs are usually flowers in pretty shades."

hammedan it is not surprising that there are many Mohammedan doctors. Only those doctors and nurses who have passed examinations in Holland or Java are allowed to practise. Foreign doctors may take their examinations only after two years of study there.

The Catholic Mission conducts the Melania House for maternity and child welfare work. This and similar centers in other parts of the island are supported by Catholic ladies in Holland.

On account of my visit to the Bishop I arrived late for dinner, which afforded me the spectacle of being served alone by a line of fourteen waiters. They formed a regular procession, each one of whom deposited a different delicacy in a large, deep plate. The sub-stratum was rice, then vegetable after vegetable, different kinds of curry, dried fish, eggs, chicken, meat, flavored with all kinds of condiments. The whole constitutes the famous *Rijs-tafel*, the mere name of which makes one's mouth water. And I cannot pass over the Javanese fruits, queen of which is the mangosteen. It is impossible to describe the flavor. All I can say is that it is the most delicious fruit I have ever tasted.

Having walked much all day we were tired and delighted to take refuge in the *Reliance*. We had no sooner set foot in it than the heavens opened as if to demonstrate to us what a tropical cloudburst can be. The next morning we anchored outside Semarang and were taken ashore in a tender. We left at once on a hundred and forty-five mile drive across the island to see the Boro Boedoer, the monument of the "Great Buddha." The scenery was enchanting with volcanic peaks here and there, terraced rice fields, bamboo clumps, bananas and palms, fields of sugar cane and tapioca and somewhere we passed a large coffee plantation. Nature has certainly lavished her gifts on Java. Being only nine degrees from the equator, heat and moisture favor and hasten growth; the soil being covered with a thick layer of volcanic material is one of the most fertile in the world. Among the most lucrative products are cinchona and cocaine. Java produces 92 per cent of the world's supply of the former and 84 per cent of the latter. Rice can be harvested twice a year, and in between a crop of maize or peanuts will grow. It is not surprising that Java is one of the most densely populated spots on the face of the earth. It can easily supply the needs of its thirty million inhabitants and more. The roads are alive with men, women and children, and all look well and happy and cheerful.

A little before noon we reached the Boro Boedoer, which is one of the greatest monuments of Buddhist architecture. It makes a gigantic, somewhat clumsy impression, but it is nevertheless fine in its ensemble and also in its details.



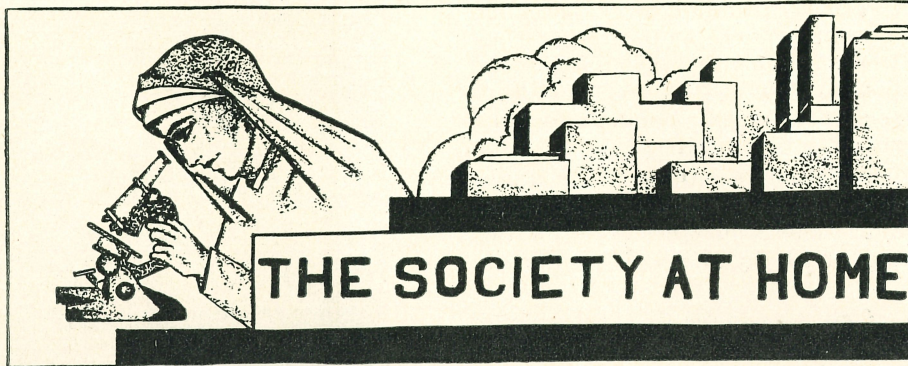
"The bas-reliefs, if placed together, would be two miles long."

We climbed up steep steps to the top. The heat was great because of the radiation from the stone. At the summit is a large dagoba which contains a statue of Buddha. Four hundred and forty-one smaller images of Buddha are scattered about in smaller latticed dagobas all over the monument. The most interesting part of the whole is the biography of Buddha chiseled into stone along the terraces. The bas-reliefs number nine hundred and eighty-eight, and if they were placed together they would be two miles long, which gives an idea not only of the size of the monument but also of the amount of labor expended by the Buddhist artists. The reliefs show a distinctly Hinduistic influence. Archaeologists say that the Boro Boedoer is a relic of the old Hindu Buddhist empire of Mataram which flourished about the ninth century. In the fifteenth century, when the Mohammedans came, destroying places of worship of other religions, the Buddhists are said to have covered it with earth to hide it. It lay buried until Sir Stamford Raffles, then governor of Java, had it excavated in 1814.

Not far from the Boro Boedoer is the Temple of Mendoet, which was built about the sixth century. It is not very large and has a very unusual shape; it also contains a large statue of Buddha with one of Brahma on his right and Vishnu on his left. Over the forehead of Vishnu is a small bas-relief of Shiva to complete the Hindu *trimurtri* (trinity).

Close to the temple is a fine Catholic Church which we visited. A large mat was spread in the center for the natives to kneel on. At the side were a few benches, which were then occupied by several white-clad Dutch Franciscan Sisters who were praying with outstretched arms. It was impressive and consoling to know that Christ had His adorers and spouses in this glorious corner of creation where Buddha looms so large. A school for native girls was attached to the convent.

On our return trip we had more glimpses of volcanoes and luxurious verdant landscape. At seven we reached our boat and at eight we sailed, to awaken the next morning in Bali.



Our New Doctors

June eighth will mark another milestone in the development of medical missions when three of our Sisters will receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Sister M. Eleonore Lippits, S.C.M.M., is a native of Hoorn, Holland. She made her pre-



Eleonore Lippits, S.C.M.M., M.D.

medical studies at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., and then entered the George Washington University School of Medicine where she has now completed her medical course.

Sister M. Leonie Tummers, S.C.M.M., was born in Java, Dutch East Indies. She attended both Trinity College and George Washington University Medical School.

Sister M. Elise Wijnen, S.C.M.M., is from Baarn, Holland. She began her medical studies at the State University of Utrecht and completed them at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

To further prepare themselves for active work on the mission field, the Sisters will serve an internship. Doctor Lippits and Doctor Tummers will both go to Saint Joseph's Hospital in

Baltimore, while Doctor Wijnen will interne at the Philadelphia General Hospital.

As these three Sisters finish their medical studies two others, Sister M. Timothy, of Moline, Ill., and Sister M. Barbara, of Wilmington, Del., are completing their pre-medical course at Trinity College.

Realizing the necessity of making more appropriate provision for the health of mothers and children in the missions, it was in 1936, on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, that the Holy See issued instructions concerning medical mission work by religious women and laid down specific regulations in regard to the proper spiritual and professional training demanded by these new duties.

From the beginning of our Society the training of our Sisters has been conducted along the lines now officially prescribed by the Church. "These new duties demand a proper spiritual and technical preparation. The Sisters should obtain certificates as doctors and nurses. Above all they should be safeguarded by special spiritual protections."

Accordingly our future medical missionaries



Leonie Tummers, S.C.M.M., M.D.

begin their spiritual training in the postulate which is followed by a year of novitiate. Upon the completion of the novitiate the Sister makes the usual Vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience with the Mission Oath. Another half-year of scholasticate follows for further consolidation of the acquired spiritual training which is to form the basis for the future active work.

After these two years of spiritual preparation the Sisters who are appointed to study medicine begin or complete the required pre-medical and medical course.

According to the Instructions of February 11, 1936, the Sisters should attend Catholic Universities if possible, but may get a dispensation from this rule wherever this is necessary. Since there are no Catholic Universities in or around Washington where women students are accepted for the study of medicine, it has been necessary to send our Sisters to non-Catholic medical schools. They follow the full medical course of four years, in order to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

It is a long, difficult and expensive preparation, but necessary for the work that is to be done. We should approach the sick in the missions with the same skill and ability that we expect to find in our own family physician. Christian charity demands this, because the medical missionary devotes her life and pro-



Elizabeth Wijnen, S.C.M.M., M.D.

fession not only to cure and alleviate the physical ills of the women and children in mission countries, but also as a means of spreading among them the Kingdom of God by showing forth the charity of Christ.

The Motherhouse Fund

Amongst the recent substantial donations to our Motherhouse Fund is one of \$500 given by an anonymous donor in honor of St. Clare. As we have recited the Litany of the Saints every night for the past two years to enlist the help of all the heavenly court we are justified in hoping that the rest of the Saints will follow Saint Clare's example and inspire one of their clients to come to our aid.

Maryknoll's Martyr

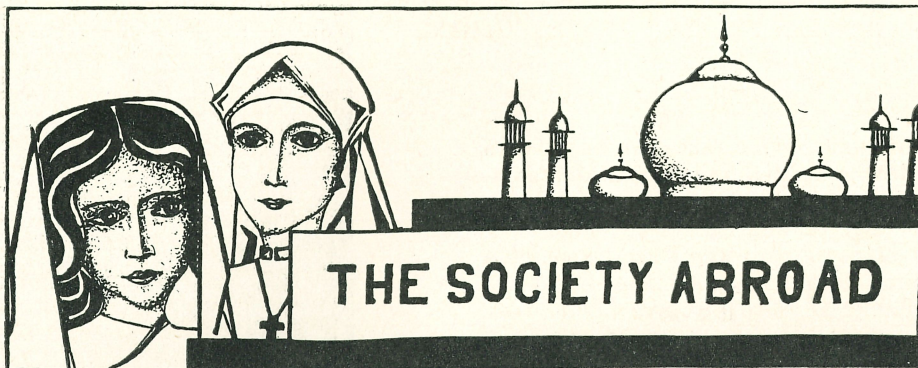
Only those who have experienced it can know the feeling of awe and reverence that comes over one when in the presence of God's heroic dead. Two of our Sisters were at Maryknoll on May 1 when Maryknoll's first martyr came home. To have knelt beside the coffin of rough pine boards that contained all that was mortal of Father Gerard Donovan, M.M., was a never-to-be-forgotten privilege. Surely this young American missionary who has watered the field with his blood will win for Maryknollers and for all missionaries God's blessing on their work. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."

We Celebrate

With the advent of real spring weather (as we know it in Washington) our novices and postulants have taken to the surrounding woods for picnics whenever the opportunity offers. Fortunately, from their point of view, we have had several Feast Days of late and so they packed their picnic lunch and went off to enjoy the cooling breezes amid heavily foliaged trees. Need we add that the professed Sisters immediately followed suit and enjoyed a few hours of rest and relaxation in God's great out-of-doors.

'Tis the Month of Our Mother

During the Month of Our Lady our Sisters gather every evening at one of Her shrines on the grounds and pay their tribute of love and devotion to Our Mother by singing her praises. On Thursday evenings one of the Holy Cross Fathers from the neighboring college comes to give us a Holy Hour of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament. All the intentions and needs of our benefactors, our relatives and friends are included as we kneel before the Throne of Our Divine Spouse and beg His blessing.



Rawalpindi

Address: Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, Punjab, India

The Last Lap

Dr. Helen Lalinsky, S.C.M.M., our latest Medical Missionary to arrive at Holy Family Hospital, sent a long account of the last part of her trip, from Bombay to Rawalpindi, a 56-hour train ride. The high spots are as follows:

"The *S. S. Strathallan* docked at 4 p. m. punctually, but we could not get off for an hour because of passports and the very strict health regulations. Then the luggage—I have a luggage motto—'travel light,' but one of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who met me at the boat disillusioned me about the idea of missionaries traveling light in India. She said it was impossible.

"There was a telegram awaiting me saying 'Come at once' so I could not delay in Bombay. After taking care of the luggage I went to inquire about the trains and transfer my luggage to the station. I still had time to accompany the Sisters to Villa Terese where I had supper. The first meal in India will never be forgotten. One of the little Indian orphans served it. The papayas were delicious but I guess I will have to learn how to like Indian food.

"Two of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary accompanied me back to the station. Can you imagine us driving down the thoroughfares of Bombay in the back seat of a touring car with the top down? Bombay—from what I saw of it—was very lovely. The shrubbery is beautiful and green and many flowers were in full bloom.

The Train Ride

"On the Frontier Mail there is only one inter-class compartment of eight berths. There happened to be an English lady in the compartment before I arrived and also two Indian women with three children. A little later two more Indian women arrived with a little boy and took the berth next to me. Then began an endless chatter.

"About 10.30, being rather tired, I thought I might very tactfully make a move to go to bed, but I could not do that unless the Indian lady decided to do likewise. With my ten words of Hindustani and her ten words of English we could not agree on the matter. I finally decided to clear off the luggage on one of the upper berths and crawl up there, knowing that the Indian lady, who apparently weighed at least 200 pounds, would never follow my example.

"I now had a spot where I could rest my weary limbs but to sleep was another problem. The three infants under me began to howl, the women continued talking, talking, talking! At every stop they went out onto the platform where their respective husbands, from the adjoining compartment, met them and exchanged the time of the day (or night) at the top of their voices.

"About midnight we had a few more arrivals and later, still more, until the eight-berth compartment held 13 adults, 4 children and 4 or more infants, with countless pieces of luggage. They certainly do carry all in their carry-alls.

We Become Acquainted

"As the hours passed by we became better acquainted and as they plied me with questions I had the opportunity of putting into practice some of the Hindustani I had been studying. The first question, as was to be expected in India, was, 'Did I have any children?' One of the more informed members of the group said, 'I told you so' when she heard that I was a Sister. She then proceeded to tell the others about nuns whom she had met and who conducted a hospital, but they had a 'more complicated head-dress!' She was sure I worked in a hospital, too. 'Is it not so?'

"The English lady turned out to be a teacher who had been in India about two years tutoring in private families. She got off at Delhi after giving me many tips about traveling in India.

"Now to wash up, as the next stop is Rawalpindi and I must be presentable on arrival."

Dacca

Address: Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M.
Mitford Hospital
Dacca, Bengal, India

State Board Examinations

In Dacca, Bengal, India, the nurses have to go to Calcutta for their State Board Examinations. Sister M. Helen, S.C.M.M., R.N., who is in charge of the nursing staff and school for nurses at the Mitford Hospital, Dacca, gives this account of her latest group:

Eight of our nurses are in Calcutta this week taking their State Medical Faculty Examinations. We are left with twelve pupil and five staff nurses to manage a hospital of three hundred patients, so you can imagine the difficulty we are having. Naturally our poor patients are not getting adequate attention, but we can only do the best we can under the circumstances.

We had great difficulty in finding accommodation for our nurses in Calcutta. None of the hospitals could take them in as all seem to be overcrowded. Also, the Indian Young Women's Hostel, who accommodated them several times in the past, was full and could not take them either. We prayed to Saint Joseph to come to our aid and on his feast day, March 19th, two letters came from Calcutta, one from the Salvation Army Women's Hostel and the other from the Baptist Mission Girls' Boarding School, both offering to take our nurses even though they were very crowded. We sent four nurses to each place and they have written to say they are very comfortably located. One Anglo-Indian nurse wrote as follows regarding her examinations:

"Dear Sisters: You will be pleased to hear that I gave up my examinations in medical nursing both oral and practical today. By the Grace of God and your prayers I think I have done very well. Tomorrow I expect to give up my exams in surgical nursing. After giving up my examinations today I felt very weak and exhausted as it took from 12:30 to 5:00 p. m. And now, dear Sisters, if you will kindly allow me two days to recuperate after all this hard work the other nurses shall be finished by that time and I can return with them so you need not worry about me traveling alone. Also I would like to see the city and do some marketing.

"Thanking you for your prayers, dear Sisters,

"I remain, Your obedient and grateful pupil. U—"

Exorcising the Devil

One cannot forget for long that one is in a pagan land, especially the Medical Missionary who visits the patients in their homes. Sister Joseph wrote:

"One day when I went into a Hindu house to see a patient I noticed an old woman throw some powder on the little stove. The smoke from it brought the tears to my eyes. I asked her to stop it, as this same thing happened every time I called on the patient. This last time a native midwife was with me and I asked her why the old lady persisted in throwing that powder on the stove. The midwife explained to me that it was mustard powder and that they believed that every time I came into the house I brought the devil in with me and this was their method of chasing him out again."

Mohammedan Courtesy

(Sister Thomas, S.C.M.M., R.N., gives her account of an unusual case of Mohammedan courtesy:)

I had just finished caring for the patient in the Village of the Seven Mosques (all seven in ruins) and the father of the girl was seeing me to the door. He was most grateful for the attention given his beloved daughter.

"Does Your Honor see anything in my poor place that would please your fancy?" he asked.

Well, no; I did not. As a matter of fact I would have liked to donate a bar of soap to the family but it was not quite in order. At least I did not mention it. I shook my head.

"Maybe you would like a young kid. As you see we have three and we would like to give you one."

Now among the poor in India a goat is as much a member of the family as a dog is in an American farmer's home. But I did not care for a pet goat and could not imagine myself leading the animal through the city of Dacca to our little house in Ramna. Indians are past masters in reading facial expressions so before I could voice my refusal he changed the subject. Perhaps it was spiritual gifts I wanted instead of material ones.

"May Allah let you live a hundred years for bringing comfort to my poor home."

I began to picture myself with all the infirmities of old age and must have looked more gloomy than ever when he added immediately, "May Allah preserve you for two hundred years on this earth."

I made a desperate effort to look cheerful before he added a thousand years to my life's span. He returned to material things. "Now tell me what you would like. I must give you something before you leave."

This was a little unusual. They more often expect you to give them something before you

(Continued on page 126)

Medical Mission Notes

India

"Malaria is one of the most virulent of preventable scourges in India. It takes the toll of innumerable lives every season and incapacitates millions of others, especially in the sub-mountain regions of Himalayan Terai. The popular treatment so far recommended by our authorities is quinine and its derivatives." In the article "*The Malaria Problem*" details of research and recommendation for prevention of malaria are given.

Under the sub-head "New Orientation in Treatment" a new remedy and prophylactic under the name M3 is explained. This treatment was developed by the Italian Biochemical Institute and consists of a course of this medicine taken orally over a period of time. M3 is a double salt of mercury and manganese combined with an extract of spleen. This group claims that the new therapy has a higher efficacy than quinine.—THE SOCIAL ORDER, Allahabad, March, 1938.

Tibet

Tibetans, in the face of illness, are helpless; the afflicted are treated with whatever aids well intentioned neighbors suggest. Sometimes the Lamas are asked to pray for the patient and at other times promises of fasts and pilgrimages are made. When the disease is grave, pebbles are piled up in front of the house to warn passersby not to enter. This is not a guard against contagion but a protection against the devils that are supposed to follow after travelers. If a passerby entered, the devils following him would find an easy prey in the sick man. Sometimes the sickness is attributed to a person who is believed to have control of various poisons and at other times the health and even the life of a man is believed to be closely bound up with the health or life of an animal.—*Lamaism, the Religion of Tibet*, COLLECTANEA COMM. SYNODALIS, March, 1938.

Japan

The Leper Asylum of Koyama (Tokyo) was recently remodeled and provided with the latest equipment. It can now accommodate one hundred and fifty patients.—DIE KATHOLISCHEN MISSIONEN, April, 1938.

China

In Shanghai the Sisters of Charity, along with their other works of charity, are devoting themselves to the care of the sick and wounded in five large refugee camps. In the month of January there were ten thousand deaths among the Chi-

nese refugees in the two European quarters of Shanghai. In the Jesuit Mission Station of Zikawei the number of refugees rose to twelve thousand. Since the beginning of the war twenty-two thousand refugees were housed in the Jesuit College. The Jesuit University Aurora, which has a medical faculty, has done much to relieve the horrors of war. Recently a hospital for contagious diseases for children was erected on the grounds. In the lazarette, up to the month of January, twelve hundred wounded were attended. Nearly all the dying asked to be baptized. Many wounded who wished to be baptized when in danger of death recovered and then asked to be instructed. The students of the University are the catechists.—DIE KATHOLISCHEN MISSIONEN, May, 1938.

* * *

The Chinese Mission to Lepers renders aid to leper hospitals and clinics throughout China by distributing to them the Wightiano ethyl esters from the Philippines, a drug very effective in arresting or curing leprosy.

The organ of this organization, THE LEPPER QUARTERLY, reaches doctors, laymen and patients in China and abroad. Its object is the education of the public on matters concerning leprosy. The magazine averages one hundred pages per issue and has a circulation of four thousand copies.

The *Tai Kam Island* leper hospital publishes the *Tai Kam* bimonthly for the same purpose.

The National Child-Welfare Association of China publishes "The Modern Parents," which is a very popular review reaching many homes. It advocates the education of parents and better child welfare.

The Council on Medical Missions keeps in touch with mission hospitals and gives advice and assistance to them. It issues at irregular intervals "The Occasional Leaflet."—COLLECTANEA COMMISSION SYNODALIS, March, 1938.

* * *

New Zealand

With the death in New Zealand of Sir Frederick Truby King, one of the greatest figures in the history of child welfare passes. Dr. King developed a scheme for the care and feeding of babies which revolutionized infant life in that country, so that its statistics have for some years been a challenge to the whole world.—THE MEDICAL WOMAN'S JOURNAL, April, 1938.

In Our Library

POPE PIUS THE ELEVENTH by *Philip Hughes*. Sheed and Ward, New York, 318 pp. \$3.00.

In this scholarly work Father Hughes gives us an insight into the life and work of our great Pope, for which we may well be grateful. The entire life of Our Holy Father is interestingly recounted. From our first acquaintance with the graduate student we follow his career through the famous Ambrosian Library in Milan to the Vatican Library itself. The story of his twenty months as Visitor Apostolic and Papal Nuncio at Warsaw gives us an intensely interesting account of world conditions in the Near East immediately after the close of the World War as well as a graphic picture of the character and personality of the future Pope. The short reign of the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan shows us again a truly zealous and apostolic prelate, who was "all things to all men."

Father Hughes gives us a keen analysis of all the Papal documents and Encyclicals issued since the date of the election of Pope Pius XI February 6, 1922, revealing Our Holy Father as one of the most notable popes ever to govern the Church. Missionaries, of course, will be deeply interested in the chapter dealing with His efforts to extend far and wide the Kingdom of Christ built on the firm foundation of native priests, sisters and brothers.

The Catholic Restoration in Europe, the Lateran Treaties, the fearless defense of the Church and her rights whenever and wherever they were attacked, all unite to show the continual concern of the Shepherd for the sheep of the flock, and His own grasp of the fearful responsibilities of His sacred office.

This sketch of the life of our great Pontiff is a scholarly work and must long remain an authoritative source of information concerning the Papacy in the reign of Pius XI.

EINE FAHRT UM DIE WELT. By *Margarete Hattemer, M.D.* Verlag Fr. Borgmeyer. Hessenbuchhandlung Frankfurt am Main. Germany: RM. 5, 50.

In "Eine Fahrt" which means "A Cruise" Doctor, Margarete Hattemer of Frankfurt, Germany, describes a trip around the world on the S.S. *Reliance* in such a simple and vivid way that reading this attractive, well illustrated volume is the next best thing to taking the trip itself. One of the main charms about the book is that Doctor Hattemer gives her personal impressions and reactions and that she is able to see deeper than the surface. There are no superficial criticisms of the many countries and races dealt with; on the contrary Dr. Hattemer seems

to have the happy faculty of understanding the why and wherefore of conditions. That she takes a keen interest in the far-flung kingdom of Christ is evident from her many accounts of visits to mission Bishops and mission institutions made with Dr. Dengel.

A HISTORY OF WOMEN IN MEDICINE. By *Kate Campbell Hurd-Mead, M.D.* Haddam, Conn.: The Haddam Press. \$6.00.

In 1890, at the historical club of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Dr. Osler, Dr. Welch and Dr. Kelly, who were deeply interested in the study of medical history, inspired and encouraged Dr. Hurd-Mead to write the story of woman's place in medicine. She at once began to accumulate material and to correspond with noted women physicians all over the world. In 1925 she gave up her practice to devote two years of intensive study and research to the subject at the British museum, where she compiled data from original documents in Greek, Latin and other languages. In addition to this material she studied manuscripts found in other libraries in the United States and abroad, personally visiting libraries and museums in Europe, Asia and Africa.

The result of Doctor Hurd-Mead's exhaustive studies is a book of more than five hundred pages, arranged in a scholarly order and beautifully illustrated with historical pictures taken from rare manuscripts and actual photographs. It covers the place of women in medicine from the earliest times to the beginning of the nineteenth century. A second volume which is to follow will bring this history up to our own times. The present volume is arranged according to periods, which makes it especially useful for reference or study. Chapter 1, Medical Women in Ancient Times. Chapter 2, The Medical Women of the Early Middle Ages. Thus the other chapters follow in order.

The reader is surprised at the large part woman has played in the medical field. To quote Dr. Howard A. Kelly in the foreword, "The art of healing, for instance, has always been a major contribution of women to life and, in this volume before us, the long record of woman as a physician now stands revealed—for the first time on a comparable scale."

The effects of Christianity on man's attitude towards the sick and suffering is clearly seen in the loving care bestowed on these unfortunates by queens, holy women from all ranks of life, many of them since canonized by the Church. To carry out the corporal works of mercy was an expression of one's love for Christ.

(Continued on page 126)

MOHAMMEDAN COURTESY

(Continued from page 123)

leave. In fact, they usually state what they would like you to give them. If it is in the dispensary or hospital they are apt to take souvenirs of their visit when your back is turned. And here was a poor old man actually trying to give us something. I finally found my tongue.

"If you will just pay for the carriage that is waiting to take us back to the Center we will be pleased. I am sorry we had to keep it so long."

"The carriage man will be paid," he said with great dignity and with all the airs of a prince he carried out his word, at the same time giving each of us a rupee for our services.

Thus we drove away from the Village of Seven Mosques.

DESERT JOURNEY

(Continued from page 114)

some real little hills had to be traversed. The heat was terrific—probably 140 degrees or more even in the shade, but there was no shade. No wonder the Jesuits in Baghdad accuse the hens of laying hard-boiled eggs. The white glare was intolerable; there was not a tree to be seen. How the Arabs in their roofless rag huts survive is nothing short of a miracle.

Mosul has a great number of minarets, one which leans something like the Tower of Pisa. It became like that when it bowed to Mohammed as he passed by on his way to heaven (?). Mosul was once famous for muslin, to which it gave its name.

The ruins of Nineveh are directly opposite Mosul and for the opportunity of lunching in such a place I would not have exchanged our 140 degrees for 80 degrees. Nineveh Street in Mosul looks as though it has sustained little eccentric local earthquakes, for there are rooms that seem to have been cut in two. It happened during the war when the Germans made a road through the town; they went right through the houses in their way leaving the halves still standing as they are today.

After a rest at Nineveh we started out for Syria. At the frontier, still in the desert, we halted while our passports were examined and then went on to a small, fortified little group of mud huts where, to our surprise, we were able to buy tea and biscuits and—luxury of luxuries—wash our hands if we did not use too much water, as there was only about half a bucketful.

(To be continued)

PENTECOST SUNDAY, June 5, 1938

MISSION SUNDAY OF THE SICK

Mission Intentions

JUNE

For the increase of Negro Missions in the United States

JULY

That the Missions among the 42,000,000 Javanese may flourish

AUGUST

That devotion to the Blessed Virgin and pilgrimages to her shrines may be cultivated in the Missions

IN OUR LIBRARY

(Continued from page 125)

That their methods of treating the sick were sometimes more harmful than good is due to the lack of medical knowledge and to the superstitions or folklore of the times rather than to a want of good will.

Some historical inaccuracies are to be found in this book. It is to be deplored that Dr. Hurd-Mead has included in this work so many of the old calumnies against the Church and has frequently confounded religious beliefs and teachings of the Church with the superstitions and left-over pagan practices of the common people. To those who are interested in obtaining the true attitude and the historical facts of the Church in those times we recommend a thorough reading of such books as Dr. James J. Walsh's *The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries* and *The Century of Columbus*.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of—

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward Aloysius Pace, S.T.D., Washington, D. C.

Rev. Richard Carroll, Westport, Conn.

Mother Mary Immaculate of Jesus, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.

Sister Mary Amadeus Cuff, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. M. Orr, New York City

Mrs. Catherine Friebert, Washington, D. C.

Miss Sarah L. Guilfoile, Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. John Joseph Reinartz, Germany (Father of Sister M. Rita, S.C.M.M.)

Mr. Franklin E. Gamble, Youngstown, Ohio

Mr. Edmund W. Dengel, Tyrol, Austria (Father of Doctor Anna Dengel, S.C.M.M.)

*Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.
And let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.*

A Suggestion!

One doctor of our acquaintance said that if he had a son he would send him through medical school. Since he hasn't, he adopts a young medical student and pays his tuition annually. Why not apply this to the missions?



St. Joseph, pray for us.

Christ's Charity

The Medical Missionary Doctor gives the benefit of her professional knowledge to poor, sick suffering bodies, while as a missionary she strives to win their souls for Christ. To adopt a Medical Missionary student means that you will have a special share in her labors for Christ.

WHAT IT COSTS

Tuition, for one year.....	\$500.00
Books, instruments, transportation.....	250.00
Board, room, clothing.....	250.00

Any donation toward this ever recurring expense will be gratefully received, no matter how large or how small.

Dear Sister :

Please accept the enclosed donation in the sum of \$..... to be applied to a Medical Missionary student's expenses.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Our Motherhouse



What We Have!

and

What We Need!

